

*The Poetical Entertainer :*  
O R,  
**TALES,**  
**SATYRS,**  
**DIALOGUES,**  
AND  
**INTRIGUES, &c.**

Serious and Comical.

All digested into such Verse as most agree-  
able to the several Subjects.

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To be publish'd as often as occasion shall offer.

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Numb. I.

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L O N D O N

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## The P R E F A C E.

**S**ince the Intellects of most Men, under our present Divisions, are so far over-run with a News-Leprosie, that nothing can delight them but those firebrand Papers, which, like scratching to the Itch, tho' it gives 'em Titulation, only aggravates the Distemper, there's but little reason to hope, that so innocent an Entertainment as I have here attempted, should be kindly received by such contending Parties, who, like rival Cats, wherever they meet, spit their Venom at each other, and are ready to fall to tearcoat about their Interest and Avarice, as the other about their Mistresses. However, after sucking in so much Brimstone with their Milk, and swallowing such abundance of Wildfire, to their own Destruction, I have a mind to try how far a harmless Draught of cooling Helicon may prove refreshing to their Palats, when so contagious a Fever hath so unhappily spread it self from the Coach and Six, to the Shop and Paring-Shovel. Nay, down, I may say, to the very Spade and Wheelbarrow, for e'ery Gardener now is so highly concern'd about the Business at Utrecht, that he scorns to make a young Adamite his Apprentice, till he can read a News-Paper: Yet I have taken Courage, in the midst of such Madness, to present the Publick with some merry Tales that may be divertingly read, and morally apply'd, much more to the benefit of the Reader, than a parcel of scandalous Libels, and mischievous Falsities, which have no footing but in nubibus, and only serve to poison the Zealots of all Parties, and encrease the number of Giddybrains.

And tho' the following Contents do not altogether answer the Title, yet the succeeding Parts shall make it good. Therefore I desire I may not in this be accused of Misnomy, or promising more in the Title than you can find in the Book.

For the better Encouragement of the present Undertaking, all such Gentlemen or Ladies, as have any pleasant Intrigue, remarkable Story, or other Subject proper to be inserted in this Collection, if they think it worth their while to communicate the same by the Penny-Post, or otherwise, to the Publisher hereof, the same shall be versify'd according to the nature of the Subject, and admitted Gratis, with all convenient Expedition. Which is all at present, from your humble Servant.

T H E





*The Norwich Lady :*

O R,

*The Deceiv'd Fryers.*

A Tragi-Comedy.

**I**N pious Days when brawny Monks  
Turn'd Maids to Nuns, and Nuns to Punks,  
And when Religion more than Law  
Kept all the slavish Croud in awe,  
At *Norwich* then there liv'd a Knight  
Who did in Feats of Arms delight,  
And in the Wars had born Command  
When the Fifth Henry rul'd the Land :

B

This

This Valiant Knight, whose Fame and Glory  
 Will ever live and shine in Story,  
 Had chosen such a beauteous Wife  
 To grace his House and bless his Life,  
 That none could gaze upon her Charms,  
 And not desire her in his Arms;  
 For e'ery Feature in her Face  
 Invited to another Place,  
 And tempted all who look'd upon her,  
 To wish themselves more nigh her Honour.  
 But Madam being truly Chast,  
 Or thought so by the World at least,  
 Was much too Vertuous to be naught,  
 Or else too cunning to be caught;  
 For none were ever heard to say,  
 She step'd aside or run astray.

The Knight being tir'd with Wounds and Scars,  
 And having quite forsook the Wars,

Was



Was now resolv'd at home to tarry,  
 And live as Men should do that marry ;  
 That is, to mind no other Blisses,  
 But Pious Prayers and Nuptial Kisses,  
 And to divide his happy Life  
 Betwixt Religion and his Wife ;  
 And that his Worship might atone  
 For the past Evils he had done,  
 A Church he built, that all might see  
 His pious Zeal and Charity :  
 Near to the same he rear'd a small  
 Religious House, which held in all  
 Twelve Fryers and a ruling Pastor,  
 Call'd Abbot, to preside as Master.  
 Among this lazy Crew that fed  
 Full twice as often as they pray'd,  
 Were two who never could agree,  
 But liv'd in open Enmity,  
 Making themselves the snarling Jest,  
 And daily Maygame of the rest ;

The Name and Title of the one  
 B'ing Frier *Richard*, t'other *John*,  
 Both pamper'd Gluttons, fitter far  
 T'attend a Dray, or load a Car,  
 Than to exhaust their Days in Cloisters,  
 O'er Holy Beads and *Pater-nosters*.

The charming Lady of the Founder,  
 Whose Beauty merited such Wonder,  
 Being not only Fair without,  
 But, like her pious Sex, devout,  
 Kept close to Vespers, Mass, and Mattins,  
 To pray, and shew her Silks and Sattins.  
 Now, you must know, my Lady's way  
 To Chnrch thro' the same Convent lay,  
 Where Am'rous *John* stood always ready  
 To view and bow unto my Lady,  
 Who, in return, would give a smile,  
 Not dreaming he could be so vile,

Who  
 4-16



Who thus profess'd a Holy Life,  
 To Lust for's Benefactor's Wife;  
 And therefore was at all times civil,  
 Not thinking either Flesh or Devil  
 Could tempt a Frier to so much Evil.

But *John*, who fancy'd that he spy'd  
 Some Hopes when he my Lady ey'd,  
 And that her Curtesies and Smiles  
 Were Female Shoing-Horns and Wiles,  
 Made use of with a kind intent,  
 To give his Love encouragement,  
 Thought himself now cocksure of what  
 He greatly wanted to be at,  
 In case he could but frame or find  
 An opportunity to's Mind:  
 He therefore thought there was no better  
 A Method, than to write a Letter;  
 Accordingly he sat him down,  
 First scratch'd his Ears and then his Crown,

And

And next in ample Form set forth  
 His Passion and my Lady's Worth,  
 Declaring that he soon must dye,  
 Unless her Honour would comply,  
 T'extinguish, by her kind embrace,  
 The Flames sh'ad kindled with her Face.  
 This Letter, by her trusty Maid,  
 Was to my Lady's Hand convey'd,  
 Who reading o'er the luscious Lines,  
 And finding Frier *John's* Designs,  
 Paus'd like a Woman of Discretion,  
 'Twixt Fear and Female Inclination,  
 As if she wish'd it no Offence,  
 To pleasure his Concupiscence ;  
 But dread of Damning and of Shame,  
 At last prevailing o'er the Dame,  
 So fortify'd her vertuous Breast,  
 Against her Lovers bold Request,  
 That she determin'd to disclose  
 The Frier's Letter to her Spouse,

Not knowing but the same might be  
 A Trick to try her Chastity ;  
 Accordingly toth' Knight she flies,  
 Feigning a very deep surprize,  
 And laid before him, in a Passion,  
 The Frier's bold Solicitation,  
 Backing the same with all the shews  
 Of detestation she could use,  
 And such Resentments that might fire  
 The Knight, and raise his Fury higher,  
 No sooner had her Spouse perus'd  
 The Letter but it so confus'd  
 His Thoughts, that he the Priory curs'd,  
 Where such Ingratitude was nurs'd,  
 And vow'd to be reveng'd upon  
 That lustful Polecat Frier *John*,  
 Repenting what he'd built and given  
 To Rogues, more fit for Hell than Heaven.

The Knight, whose jealous Indignation  
 Was now past all pacification,

Enjoin'd



Enjoin'd his Wife to send the Frier  
 An Answer to his Heart's desire,  
 Appointing him a certain Night  
 To Feast and Revel in Delight,  
 Pretending that her Spouse must be  
 Then absent of necessity,  
 And that about the Hour of Eight,  
 Herself at the Back-door would wait,  
 To lead him up a private Way  
 Into the Chamber where she lay,  
 That he might cool his am'rous Fire,  
 And gratify his fond Desire.  
 This joyful News so work'd upon  
 The Fancy of young Frier *John*,  
 That he could think of nothing less  
 Than her soft Lips and kind Embrace,  
 And all those Pleasures and Delights  
 With which young Lovers bless their Nights;  
 Therefore, that he might be more ready  
 To entertain so fair a Lady,

He

He fed till he could eat no longer,  
 That's brawny Back might be the stronger;  
 And drank like any thirsty Farmer,  
 To make his odious Lust the warmer;  
 New shav'd his Noddle, wash'd his Feet  
 And other Parts with Herbs most sweet;  
 Perfum'd his Night-Cap and his Shirt,  
 Bought fine on purpose for the Sport,  
 Lest courser should offensive be  
 Toth' tender Skin of Quality.

*So common Punks, tho' foul within,  
 And poor withal, delight to sin  
 In costly Linen soft and clean.*

When *John* had thus refresh'd his Back  
 With Holland, fit for the attack,  
 And the appointed happy Hour  
 Was come, he santer'd tow'rds the Door,  
 Where the fair Lady in the dark  
 Stood waiting to receive her Spark.

No sooner did the Fri'r approach  
 So near that she his Hand could touch,  
 But Madam, with a Heart most hollow,  
 In a soft whisper bid him follow,  
 Leading the Monk, who only thought  
 Of Kisses, Hugs, and God knows what,  
 Into a close and private Room,  
 Where Servants seldom us'd to come.  
 But soon as he was thus decoy'd  
 By her he hop'd to have enjoy'd,  
 In rush'd the furious Jealous Knight,  
 And his Man Roger, with a Light,  
 Both falling rashly, in their Ire,  
 Upon the poor defenceless Frier,  
 Soon brought him headlong to the Floor,  
 And strangl'd him outright, before  
 He could have time to call or howl  
 For Mercy on his sinful Soul.

*Thus he that will pursue the sweets  
 Of Sin, the bitter often meets.*



( II )

No sooner had the angry Knight  
Appeas'd his Rage by this Exploit,  
But he began to think upon  
The heinous Evil he had done ;  
For rash Revenge, we always find,  
Brings Terror and Remorse behind ;  
Strange Apprehensions fill'd his Head,  
When once he saw the Frier dead ;  
And all his jealous Heat and Madness,  
Were now turn'd into Fear and Sadness ;  
The odious Crime of shedding Blood,  
The Shame and Danger that pursu'd,  
The forfeiture of Goods and Life,  
The Scandal brought upon his Wife,  
And other frightful Thoughts possess  
His Brain and terrify'd his Breast ;  
For nought but Ruin now could be  
Th' effect of a discovery ;  
Therefore the conscious Knight began  
To think of Measures with his Man,

Such that if laid and manag'd right,  
 Might keep the Murder from the Light.  
 At length the Knight a Motion made,  
 That when the Convent were in Bed,  
 The Frier's strangl'd Corps should be  
 Remov'd into the Monastery,  
 Which only by a Garden Wall  
 Was parted from his Worship's Hall.  
 The Man b'ing pleas'd, and well affected  
 To what his Master had projected,  
 Soon thought of where a Ladder stood  
 To perfect a Design so good,  
 Which if attended with Success,  
 Might save their Necks in this distress;  
 So that their greatest Hopes and Trust  
 Were now in what they fear'd the most.

By this time all was hush and still,  
 And dark according to their Will;  
 No starry Spark above their Heads,  
 The Friars snoring in their Beds,

His Worship's Servants gone to rest,  
 And all things happ'ning for the best,  
 That both concluded this to be  
 The only opportunity ;  
 So that the Knight laid Frier *John*  
 Athwart the Shoulders of his Man,  
 Who, Porter-like, convey'd his Load  
 Toth' place 'gainst which the Ladder stood,  
 And, climbing up the same, let fall  
 The Monk on t'other side the Wall;  
 Then striding on the Cope he drew  
 The Ladder up, with much ado,  
 And turn'd that gently over too,  
 So downwards went the self-same way,  
 To move the Frier from whence he lay,  
 Left being found in that Condition,  
 So near the Wall, might give Suspicion,  
 That the poor Monk had been destroy'd  
 Abroad, and drop'd from t'other side;



The Bearer therefore made a shift  
 To give his Burthen t'other lift,  
 And very prudently thought fit  
 To fix him on the Bog-house Seat,  
 Making the Frier's Arm a prop,  
 Against a Gice, to keep him up,  
 There leaving him, that they might see,  
 I'th' Morn, what the Event would be.

The Man, tho' pleas'd he'd plac'd the Monk  
 Where he alive had often stunk,  
 Felt, notwithstanding, much disorder,  
 About so barbarous a Murder,  
 Which, as he climb'd from out the Yard,  
 Caus'd him to fancy that he heard  
 The strangl'd Monk, or something worse,  
 Mounting behind him at his Arse,  
 Which made him, 'twixt a Leap and Fall,  
 At once descend from off the Wall,  
 Leaving the Ladder bolt upright  
 Behind him, in a stinking Fright,

Running

Running to's Master to declare  
 With what Success, and how, and where  
 He'd plac'd the Fri'r in such rare order,  
 That none could think he dy'd by murder,  
 But rather perish'd as he sat  
 At Stool, performing you know what,  
 By Chollick Pains, or by too large  
 A griping Outlet or Discharge,  
 Or grunting, parted with his Soul,  
 In labour of a costive Stool.  
 The Master, who was well content  
 With trusty *Roger's* Management,  
 Long'd, with Impatience, now to see  
 How fortunate th' event would be:  
 Nor could he rest for fear he shou'd  
 Be brought to answer Blood with Blood;  
 But tattl'd with his Man about  
 The Murder, dreading 'twould come out,  
 And that a Rope and Gallow Tree  
 Their fatal Punishment would be.

During

During the time the conscious Knight  
 Was thus reflecting, in a fright,  
 Upon the black and heinous Crime  
 Committed by his Man and him,  
 Fri'r *Richard*, who had long profess'd  
 Much hatred unto *John* deceas'd,  
 Was in a griping loose surprise,  
 At Midnight, forc'd from Bed to rise,  
 To give the stinking Thunder vent,  
 That in his rumbling Guts was pent,  
 And running down into the Yard,  
 As the Clouds broke and Moon appear'd,  
 He saw some Brother on the Seat,  
 As the *Dutch* call it, *Plumping neat*,  
 Which made him labour to restrain  
 The Dregs that forward press'd with Pain,  
 Till t'other, who had got possession,  
 Was pleas'd to make a Resignation:  
 But *Richard* seeing that he staid  
 Beyond all reason, beg'd and pray'd



The sitting Monk, that he'd be pleas'd  
 To rise, and let his Gripes be eas'd,  
 For that he car'd not to defile  
 The cleanly Yard with nasty Soil;  
 But finding that he neither stir'd,  
 Nor answer'd him one civil Word,  
 And guessing by the Light o'th' Moon,  
 The sullen Lout was Frier *John*,  
 He then began to rave outright,  
 Because he thought 'twas done in spight,  
 And snatching up a Brick or Stone,  
 No matter which, I'm sure 'twas one,  
 He lent the Fri'r, who sat at rest,  
 A Blow so violent on the Breast,  
 That down he tumbl'd on the Floor  
 Head foremost, tow'rds the Boghouse-Door,  
 And gave his Noddle such a stroak  
 Against the Groundcel made of Oak,  
 Enough to've kill'd him o'er and o'er,  
 In case he'd not been slain before:

As soon as Frier *Richard* found  
 His Brother Monk upon the Ground,  
 Conscious o'th' Mischief he had done,  
 He did to his assistance run,  
 And strove with all his Strength and Might,  
 To set him on his Legs upright,  
 But found him, to his great surprise,  
 So dead he could not move or rise,  
 Concluding that the Blow he'd given,  
 Had sent his Brother's Soul to Heaven;  
 Thus scar'd, he took a turn or two  
 I'th' Yard, consid'ring what to do,  
 And by what Measures he might hope  
 To save his Gullet from the Rope:  
 At length, the pond'ring Frier spy'd  
 The Ladder on the Priory side,  
 Which stood in a convenient place,  
 Against the Wall in readiness,  
 And having heard it whisper'd round  
 The Broth'rhood, that *John* had found

Much

Much Grace and Favour in the sight  
 Of the fair Lady of the Knight;  
 From whence he thought his safest way  
 Would be to o'er the Wall convey  
 The Corps, and seat him at the Door  
 Where he had often loll'd before,  
 That Folks might think he lost his Life  
 In waiting for his Worship's Wife,  
 Because 't'ad whisper'd been already,  
 That Frier *John* had kiss'd my Lady.  
 No sooner had he thought of this  
 But he resolv'd on't, hit or miss,  
 And lugging him along the Ground,  
 Toth' place where he the Ladder found,  
 He did the twice kill'd Brother haul  
 Aloft, and laid him cross the Wall,  
 Thence drop'd him down, without regard,  
 What part came first into the Yard,  
 Then striding, turn'd the Ladder o'er,  
 As the Knight's Man had done before,



That with more ease he might descend  
 T'accomplish what he did intend;  
 Accordingly he lug'd the Frier  
 Unto the place of his desire,  
 Leaving him seated on a Bench,  
 Like Lover waiting for his Wench,  
 Leaning his Head against a Stanchion  
 Belonging to his Worship's Mansion,  
 Returning to the Vault with speed,  
 To do th' remainder of his Need,  
 Poor *Richard* having spilt some Dregs  
 Before upon his Thighs and Legs,  
 And in his fright manur'd his Britches,  
 With no small Sum of Gard'ners Riches.

As now he sat o'er Boghouse-Hole,  
 With aching Heart and troubl'd Soul,  
 Reflecting soberly upon  
 The heinous Evil he had done,  
 Which seldom undiscover'd past  
 Away, but came to Light at last,

He could not think the Means he'd taken,  
 Sufficient were to save his Bacon,  
 'Cause the whole Priory knew that he  
 And Frier *John* could ne'er agree,  
 Would therefore, without searching further,  
 Conclude him guilty of the Murther :  
 So that he thought the safest way  
 Would be to fly by break of Day ;  
 But being corpulent and fatter  
 Than usual, wisely thought it better  
 To trust to four Legs, than alone  
 Depend intirely on his own,  
 And knowing that there was a Mare  
 Beneath the Priory Baker's Care,  
 A sturdy Beast both sound and strong,  
 Which to the Convent did belong,  
 Whose bus'ness early in the Morn  
 Was to fetch Grist or carry Corn  
 From Mill, or to the Mill, which stood  
 Some distance from the Brotherhood.

This

This Mare the Frier did depend  
 Upon to stand his trusty Friend,  
 Resolving, by the break of Day,  
 To borrow'r and to ride away ;  
 So up he 'rose from off his Seat,  
 Went in to make himself more sweet,  
 And to prepare, before 'twas Light,  
 All matters needful for his flight.

The Knight who all this time had lain  
 Reflecting on the Monk he'd slain,  
 Was very restless and intent  
 To know how the Adventure went,  
 And whether any Monk as yet  
 Had found poor *John* on Boghouse-Seat,  
 He therefore bid his Servant go  
 And listen up and down below,  
 Beneath the Priory Wall, to find  
 If the Monk's Death had taken Wind.

Accordingly the Man, in fear,  
 Crept down most softly Stair by Stair,

And



And op'ning of the Door unheard,  
 To gently steal into the Yard,  
 At once he fix'd his Eyes upon  
 The ghastly Corps of Frier *John*,  
 Leaning his Head against a Post,  
 Looking as frightful as a Ghost,  
 His falling Jaws and glaring Eyes,  
 Striking the Man with such surprise,  
 That back he stagger'd, as if drunk,  
 So sadly scar'd to see the Monk,  
 That he'd no Power left to shut  
 The Door and bar the Goblin out,  
 But groap'd and fumbl'd back his way  
 Toth' Chamber where his Master lay,  
 Declaring, in a frightful Tone,  
 That of a certain Frier *John*  
 Was sitting in the Porch alone,  
 And grin'd and star'd as if he meant  
 To see them brought to Punishment.

3

*Nouns, quoth the Master, 'tis your fear,  
 If dead, how should the Rogue come there?  
 'Tis nothing but your guilty Breast  
 That makes you think so; 'tis a Jest.  
 Come, thee and I'll go down together,  
 We then shall soon discover, whether  
 He's really in the Porch below,  
 Or that thou only fancy'st so.*

*With that the Valiant Knight, attended  
 By Roger, to the Door descended,  
 Where both beheld the Frier staring,  
 Altho' as dead as any Herring.*

*Now, quoth the Knight, I find thy Mouth  
 Has told my Ears no more than truth,  
 I see the Villain looks, tho' dead,  
 As if he'd Mischief in his Head:  
 His ghastly Grins, I own, are frightful;  
 But since the Rogue's so very spiteful,  
 I'll find a way for this offence,  
 To send him far enough from hence.*

I've an old Stallion in my Stable,  
 Batter'd i'th' Wars and quite unable  
 For Service, and a rusty Sute  
 Of Armour, down from Head to Foot,  
 All these will I bestow upon  
 This restless Scoundrel Frier John,  
 And bind him upright in the Saddle,  
 That he shall neither fall nor waddle,  
 With an old Target and a Lance,  
 And the broad Sword I us'd in France,  
 Then turn him out by break of Day,  
 And let the Stallion chuse his way;  
 He'll run like Forest Colt, I'm sure,  
 As soon as out of Stable-Door,  
 And the Monks dangling Legs, the while,  
 Must spur him on, Mile after Mile.  
 Thus shall they take their Chance together,  
 And wander on we know not whither.

No sooner had the Knight propos'd  
 This Stratagem, but Roger clos'd,

I've

E

And



And gladly, to conceal the Murder,  
 Put all the Furniture in order ;  
 So that the Monk was quickly drest,  
 And well equip'd to mount his Beast,  
 Who next was saddl'd like a Horse  
 Appointed for the bloody Wars,  
 And fed with Oats to make him stronger,  
 That he might hold his speed the longer.  
 By this time it was peep of Day,  
 And time the Monk should make his way,  
 Accordingly they ty'd him fast  
 Into the Saddle by his Wastle,  
 And bound him with such Art, that he  
 Sat almost upright, *Cap-a-Pe* ;  
 Then couching his tremendous Lance,  
 They whip'd the Horse to make him Prance,  
 And turn'd him loose without the Gate,  
 Who flounc'd and gallop'd at no rate,  
 And loudly farting as he ran,  
 Took leave of Master and of Man.

Monk *Richard*, who had taken care,  
 E're this time to secure the Mare,  
 Was fled a little space, before  
 They'd turn'd his Brother out of Door;  
 So that the Stallion having scent  
 O'th' Mare, with all his fury went,  
 Endeav'ring, by a swift pursuit,  
 To overtake the Lady Brute,  
 Threat'ning to give her, by his Neigh,  
 A pleasing Horse-buss by the way;  
 Tho' old and stiff, his brutal Lust  
 Made him in Clouds throw up the Dust,  
 And rend and run so like a Tyger,  
 As if the Dev'l had been his Rider,  
 Till in a little time the Horse  
 Was got so near the Frier's Arse,  
 That, turning, he was scar'd to see  
 A Man in Armour *Cap-a-Pe*,  
 With a Lance couch'd, come thund'ring a'ter,  
 As if design'd for Blood and Slaughter,



Therefore, with all the Heels he had,  
 He kick'd and spur'd like any mad,  
 Fancy'ng that in this armed order,  
 Some Foe pursu'd him for the Murder;  
 And now was almost past the hope  
 Of 'scaping present Death or Rope:  
 However, still he whip'd and tew'd  
 Like any Highway-man pursu'd,  
 Till scowring thro' a Town, at length,  
 When's Mare had almost spent her strength,  
 By chance he rid into a Lane,  
 Where he was forc'd to turn again,  
 And there the fiery Steed began  
 To rise and mount both Mare and Man,  
 And with a merc'less pawing Hoof,  
 Soon knock'd the living Frier off,  
 Who, as he fell, fix'd Eyes upon  
 The frightful Face of Frier John;  
 For lo the Beaver of the Helmet  
 Was cock'd, and did not overwhelm it.



The rustick Townsmen, who had seen 'em  
 Ride thro' as if *Old-Nick* was in 'em,  
 Flock'd tow'rds 'em now in frighted Throngs,  
 Some arm'd with Clubs, and some with Prongs,  
 Finding the Monk dismounted, lying  
 On a green Bank, for Mercy crying,  
 Whilst the dead Fri'r, from Head to Heel,  
 Lock'd up in Coffin made of Steel,  
 And his old Stallion, were attacking  
 The Mare he wanted to be backing.  
 The Rabble thought it now but just,  
 To side with those that suffer'd most;  
 Therefore resolv'd, with all their Force,  
 T'assault the armed Man and Horse,  
 Accordingly, with Staves and Clubs,  
 They lent the Stallion many Drubs,  
 Who, tho' in Wars he'd often run  
 The risque of Foreign Sword and Gun,  
 Had ne'er experienc'd, in his Life,  
 The sad effects of civil Strife;

So that, unable to oppose  
 Or guard himself against their Blows,  
 At length his Head receiv'd a thump  
 That fairly set him on his Rump,  
 Then steping up they seiz'd the Rein,  
 And hung in swarms about his Mane,  
 Subduing thus, by dint of Force,  
 The Lifeless Rider and his Horse ;  
 But when the Combatant was found  
 Dead as a Door-nail, on the Ground,  
 The poor dishearten'd Clowns began  
 To think their Blows had been his Bane,  
 And that they now should, e'ery one,  
 Be punish'd for the Ill they'd done,  
 Till Frier *Richard*, fore oppress'd  
 With Fear and Guilt, the Fact confess'd,  
 Believing that this strange pursuit,  
 And all things appertaining to't,  
 Were done byth' providential Order  
 Of Heaven to detect the Murder,

That

That Penitence and shameful dying  
 Might exiate a Sin so crying,  
 And his own worthless Life attone  
 For his Revenge on Frier *John*;  
 So that upon the free Confession  
 Of his unnatural Transgression,  
 The murder'd Monk was strip'd and bury'd,  
 And Frier *Dick* to Prison carry'd.  
 The strange discov'ry, with each Fool,  
 Now passing for a Miracle,  
 Till the poor Frier at the 'Sizes,  
 Was try'd by Twelve judicious Nisies,  
 And by the same condemn'd to be  
 A mournful sight at Gallow-Tree;  
 And then the Knight, who was unwilling  
 T'incur the Curse of double killing,  
 Rode to His Majesty post hast,  
 And told the truth of what had past,  
 Obtaining a Reprieve that stop'd  
 The guiltless Monk from being top'd,

That

And



And in a short convenient time,  
 A thorough Pardon for his Crime.  
 In which old Story we may see  
 What Shifts the Wicked make to free  
 Their guilty selves from Jeopardy.

Moral.

*The guiltless, by Mistake, sometimes  
 Incur the blame of others Crimes,  
 And guilty Persons oft prevent  
 Their open Shame and Punishment.*

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*The Cuckoldy Yeoman :*

O R,

*The Adulteress's Visit to her  
dead Gallant.*

**A** Wealthy Yeoman of Renown,  
Residing in a Country Town,  
Had chosen for his Wife a Woman  
Whose Lust had made her Tail too common ;  
Among the rest of her Gallants,  
That satisfy'd her Female Wants,  
She had a strong-back'd Bully-Blade,  
Cut out for riding such a Jade,  
Who, by his Nonsense and his Noise,  
Jack-pudding Tricks and am'rous Toys,  
F And

And other things we must not Name,  
 So pleas'd the Cockles of the Dame,  
 That him the Dowdy fancy'd best,  
 And kiss'd much oftner than the rest.  
 From whence it justly may be noted,  
 That Wantons, to their Lust devoted,  
 Chuse Fellows by their Backs, not Brains,  
 To pleasure their Concupiscence.

At length, by Revelling and Ranting,  
 Horse-racing, Tipling, and Gallanting,  
*Thackum*, for by that Name alone  
 The blust'ring Blade was chiefly known,  
 Had brought himself so very low  
 In Pocket, that the Country Beau  
 Was forc'd to hang upon the Skirt  
 Of her with whom he us'd to Sport,  
 And live like that salacious Louse  
 That plagues the Fair, and sticks so close,  
 In lushious Parts criniferous.



Nor had she any way to succour  
 The craving Hand that us'd to stroke her,  
 But by those Sleights which all such Huffies  
 Will practise that Cornute their Spouses.  
 The Key could not be left a Minute  
 In the old Chest, but she was in it:  
 No Money could his Pockets keep,  
 Them she examin'd in his Sleep;  
 And now and then a silver Spoon,  
 Or Thimble, would be strangely gone;  
 Which Rob'ry, to be sure, was laid  
 Upon the guiltless Man or Maid;  
 Or some poor Gammar who, at Door,  
 Had beg'd Skim-milk but just before.  
 By such collusive Arts as these  
 She fed her Spark, till, by degrees,  
 She'd made away with e'ery thing,  
 That would the ready-Peny bring  
 And that by Day or Night could be  
 Remov'd without Discovery;

Which shews what kind intriguing Dames  
 Will do for those that feed their Flames,  
 And how they'll knock things out of Joint,  
 At home, to gain a ticklish Point.  
 For Lust, alas, admits no Bridle,  
 There's no Discretion in the middle,  
 Where things will dance without a Fiddle.

The Wanton much concern'd to find  
 That she could be no longer kind  
 To her dear *Tbackum*, now was forc'd,  
 In short, to let him know the worst,  
 Telling him, tho' she lov'd him dearly,  
 And would oblige him late or early,  
 She'd not a Penny left to give him,  
 Or any Present to relieve him,  
 Besides those Favours which he knew  
 He always should be welcome to.

Marry, quoth *Tbackum*, in a bluster,  
*Without the Pence no Pater-noster.*

Adding

Adding, *Large goings out, my dear,*

*You know, large comings in require ;*

*Money buys Wine that makes us glad,*

*Without, no Pleasure's to be had.*

*For if you once withhold your Purse*

*My am'rous Courage flags in course.*

After they had a while reflected

On their past Pleasures, much dejected

To think that Want should put an end

To Love, and sep'rate Friend from Friend,

Young *Thackum* and his dear departed,

In mutual Grief, half broken hearted ;

The Dame lamenting for the loss

Of what she'd often hug'd so close.

The Spark, now left without Provision,

As much concern'd at his Condition,

Who was of all support bereft,

And to the greatest hardships left.

Thus pleasures gain'd by Usurpation,

Have soon a sorrowful Cessation,

adding,

And



And e'ery sweet bewitching Vice,  
Leaves Stings proportion'd to their Joys.

*Thackum*, who'd been of late so jolly,  
Now felt the smart of all his Folly,  
And bit so hard upon the Bridle,  
That he could live no longer idle;  
Therefore resolv'd, whate'er came on't,  
By Robb'ry to relieve his Want.

Accordingly he rode abroad,  
To try his Fortune on the Road,  
Flushing himself in divers places,  
With very notable Successes.

That now his Pockets b'ing replenish'd,  
And his late fear of Starving vanish'd,  
He soon renew'd his am'rous League,  
And carry'd on his old intrigue,  
Wanting no Money to support  
Th' Expence of meeting with his Flirt,  
That now they revell'd up and down  
In this and 'tother Country-Town,

As oft as the Adult'rous Blowze  
 Could feign a Lye to cheat her Spouse :  
 But as such sweet delights at last,  
 Are always bitter to the tast,  
*Thackum*, who'd gone a step too far,  
 And kill'd a noted Traveller,  
 As well as rob'd him, was pursu'd  
 By Clowns, and taken in a Wood,  
 Carr'd, *Coram nobis*, and committed  
 To Prison, where he lay unpity'd ;  
 Till try'd, the next Assize, before  
 Judge *Graybeard*, and a dozen more,  
 And when convicted by his Betters,  
 Was sentenc'd to be hang'd in Fetters,  
 Which, on the next Fish-day, in presence  
 of Hundreds, was perform'd with decence,  
 Whilst many Gammarars in the Crowd  
 Held up their Hands and cry'd aloud

'Twas pity such a clever smug  
 Well-looking Fellow, tho' a Rogue,  
 Should be tuck'd up, so like a Dog ;  
 But all the sorrow that they shew'd,  
 Did dying *Thackum* little good,  
 For there, as soon as he had sung  
 His penitential Psalm, he swung,  
 And hung to scare the Crows away  
 From the Corn-Fields that round him lay,  
 And to deter the Country Gaffers  
 From ploughing with their Neighbours Heifers.  
 Thus wanton Women, we may see,  
 Bring foolish Men to Poverty,  
 And Poverty, for want of Grace,  
 Still prompts them to be further base.

When *Thackum* thus had made his End,  
 And left his old Adult'rous Friend  
 To mourn the loss of her Gallant,  
 Who us'd to ease her greatest Want,



The Dame, who did not dare to pay  
 A Visit, all the time he lay  
 Fetter'd i'th' County Jayl, because  
 The Jaylor knew whose Wife she was,  
 Grew much concern'd that she had been  
 So slighting to the best of Men.  
 For Wantons measure humane goodness,  
 Not by Mens Vertues but their Lewdness:  
 Therefore, since she had prov'd ungrateful  
 To him who'd always been so faithful,  
 She now resolv'd, one Night or other,  
 To steal out to her pendant Lover,  
 Hoping a Visit to her dead  
 Gallant, affectionately paid,  
 Might so atone for her remisness,  
 As to remove her great uneas'ness;  
 Accordingly, one Ev'ning dark,  
 She Journey'd tow'rds her hanging Spark,  
 Who'd taken up his lofty Station,  
 A Mile without the Corporation,

Fearing, should she attempt the same  
 By Day, 'twould scandalize her Name;  
 Therefore she staid till friendly Night  
 Had just o'ercome the fading Light,  
 And then, like any Buxom Lass  
 In hopes of stealing an Embrace,  
 She jog'd along with all her pow'r,  
 As if each Minute seem'd an Hour.

As she was thus approaching near  
 Her elevated dangling Dear,  
 A drunken Tinker, who, by chance,  
 In nappy Ale had drown'd his Brains,  
 Beneath a Hedge was laid along,  
 Close by the Gib where *Thackum* hung,  
 That a cool Sleep upon his Fuddle,  
 Might soberize his dizzy Noddle;  
 And having, for some time, been taking  
 A hearty Nap, was just awaking  
 As Madam made a stop, to stare  
 At her dear Lover in the Air;

She seeming very much dismay'd  
 To see him hanging o'er her Head,  
 Began with Tears, and, for a while,  
 Cry'd like a Crocodile of Nile ;  
 At length her sobbing Silence broke,  
 And thus to the Cadaver spoke :

*O wretched Eyes ! O dismal Night,  
 That shews me this unhappy 'Sight !  
 O faithless Woman I ! to fail  
 Of comforting thy heart in Fayl,  
 When thou, to me, wouldst often spare  
 Much more than was one Woman's share,  
 And must I now, my only Dear,  
 Go back and leave thee swinging here. ?*

*" No, quoth the Tinker, let's not part,  
 " I'll with thee gang, with all my Heart.*

Th' Adultress hearing this reply,  
 And seeing none but Thackum nigh,  
 Thought 'twas an Answer from her Lover,  
 And run as if the Devil drove her,

Belie-



Believing he was coming down  
 To hand her back into the Town ;  
 The Tinker rising, hobbl'd after  
 As fast as e'er he could for Laughter,  
 And teasing Corns, that made him tread  
 Too cautious for a Man of speed,  
 Crying, *Good Honey slack your pace,*  
*You scowre as if you run a Race,*  
*I am too stiff for such a course.*  
*Nouns, you are swifter than a Horse.*  
 But nothing would abate her Vigour,  
 For still she gallop'd like a Tyger,  
 Conceiting, all the way she fled,  
 'Twas *Thackum*, tho' she saw him dead,  
 The rather, 'cause she heard a clinking  
 O'th' Tinker's Tools, which, to her thinking,  
 Were the loose Irons, Chains and Fetters,  
 About the dearest of her Creatures ;  
 Therefore she did the faster trudge it,  
 At e'ery rattling of the Budget :

Nor could she, by her looking back,  
 Discover more than something black,  
 Which undistinguishable sight,  
 At e'ery gaze, encreas'd her Fright,  
 And made her trespass upon Nature,  
 The more, to make their distance greater,  
 Till she, at length, recover'd home,  
 Where the poor Cuckold, in a Room,  
 In solitude had perch'd his Crupper,  
 On a tall Buffet Stool, at Supper,  
 But in run frightened *Blow-label*,  
 Expecting *Thackum* at her Tail,  
 And tumbl'd down the greasy Eggs  
 And Bacon, 'twixt her Husband's Leggs,  
 Dreading sad usage, shame, or slaughter,  
 From him she fear'd was coming a'ter;  
 Therefore, to make herself securer,  
 Blunder'd o'er all that stood before her,  
 Crying, *Dear Husband fight and save me,*  
 Or *Thackum, tho' he's hang'd, will have me.*

Which

Which so amaz'd her 'Spouse, that he  
 Was frighted full as bad as she.  
 But her Friend *Thackum* never came,  
 As was expected by the Dame ;  
 For when the Tinker saw her Hous'd,  
 He went to th' Alehouse and carous'd,  
 There made the merry Story known,  
 From whence 'twas bruited up and down,  
 Till the Adult'rous Jilt became  
 A common Town-talk, to her shame.

## Moral.

*Tho' many act an odious part,  
 In hopes to hide their sins by Art,  
 Yet humane Craft no Guilt can smother,  
 'Twill come to light some way or other.*

*The End.*





